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W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate fair and warmer weather.

The Horse Show is at hand. The same people can be seen in the boxes at the Horse Show as at the opera, and for less money.

The President has pardoned a horse thief. But for Treasury clerks who supported Mr. Bryan there is no forgiveness.

We presume that one of the acts of the McKinley Administration will be to put a stop to the over-education of the farmers.

Congressman Quigg's immense majority shows what a terrible thing it is to be visited by the Evening Post's special disfavor.

The defeat of Mr. Breckinridge may possibly cause a slight dent in the honor of the nation, but otherwise it appears to be safe.

John G. Carlisle has rewarded the Kentucky Democrats for their many years of devotion to him. It is a reward of the Clevelandesque variety.

When the average politician begins to talk vociferously of the flag it is safe to assume that there is some office at the other end of his intentions.

Secretary Carlisle has caused the dismissal of a female clerk who dared to hope and talk for Democratic success. The manly warfare to preserve the credit of the nation goes on.

Mr. Platt will not have much influence with the McKinley Administration, but with his Albany holding, he will be able to give his Republican enemies considerable trouble.

Mr. Carlisle has guaranteed the federal officers who dared to support the Democratic ticket. The Democratic party is strong enough to survive all such petty persecution.

England objected strenuously to free silver in this country. The New York Yacht Club has an old silver cup, however, which England would like to have very much. She had it once, but she could not keep it. It is quite free to any one who can take it.

Hon. John M. Thurston is not in a position to feel particularly elated over the result in Nebraska. Thurston made himself conspicuous in the campaign by his jealousy and abuse of Mr. Bryan, and the voters of Nebraska have given a decided opinion of Thurstonism.

THE CASE OF MRS. CASTLE.

In this country, where sentiment and influence so frequently defeat justice, it is the habit to laud and envy the promptitude and inextinguishable with which crime is punished in England. But undue severity is no more to be praised than excessive lenity. The conviction of Mrs. Walter M. Castle in London on charges of theft is a reflection on the good sense of the tribunal which declined to take anything broader than a policeman's view of her case. Of course, it is understood that in most instances kleptomania is simply the word used to describe stealing when the thief has rich friends. But the circumstances and the medical testimony leave no room for doubt that Mrs. Castle is a real kleptomaniac. She is a woman of intelligence, education and refinement, the wife of a wealthy and indulgent husband, and had no conceivable sane motive for the miscellaneous larceny she engaged in when on her shopping tours. She was not stinted for money, and could buy whatever her fancy caused her to desire. Yet she stole right and left, picking up and in maple fashion hiding away articles whose only attraction was their ownership by somebody else. The doctors accounted to the Court for the lady's mania on grounds intelligible to every physiologist. Nevertheless, she has been treated like an ordinary shoplifter and sentenced to imprisonment.

This outrage could not have happened in the United States. No judge would have been so limited, so cruel as to utilize such a case to make a parade of judicial sternness. What has really been done is to give an exhibition of judicial slavery to form, which exhibition may seem admirable to the beef-eating mind, but it is the reverse of admirable to such as think judges should use their brains when on the bench as well as when off. An American jury would have acquitted

Mrs. Castle without leaving their seats, and been right in doing it. Manifestly the place for the unfortunate woman is a hospital for mental diseases, not a jail. The dispatches show that this is the true opinion of the Court which convicted her on evidence of guilt that was not denied, but which was explained in such a manner as to strip the larcenies of any criminal quality. The Home Office is expected to release Mrs. Castle as an act of clemency. She should have been restored to her husband's care, unstained by a formal conviction of crime, as an act of justice.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

It is rather disappointing to find Mr. McKinley, in a letter addressed to Mark Hanna, but clearly intended for general perusal, contributing his part to continuance of the asperities and the hatreds of the campaign. When the contest was on it was perhaps excusable—as it certainly proved effective—to eke out a paucity of argument with a plethora of hard names. But there is little excuse for a successful candidate, in the moment of his triumph, re-echoing the misrepresentations of the campaign. Major McKinley has not risen to the moral grandeur of Grant, who forbade cheering in the Union camps after Appomattox.

"We have submitted the issue to the American people, and their will is law," telegraphed Mr. Bryan in a message of congratulation to his successful rival. What was the issue? Mr. McKinley, in what should be with a really great man the calmness of victory, describes it in all the phraseology of bitterness and hatred. The people, he writes, "have declared their detestation of repudiation and dishonor in whatever specious guise they may be presented." They have "affirmed their devotion to law and order." Seemingly, therefore, in the mind of this gentleman who is shortly to be the President of the whole United States, not a part of it, the many millions of citizens who opposed his election and the States which gave their votes to Bryan have approved "repudiation and dishonor" and have expressed hostility to law and order. This is not an admirable temper to be manifested by the man who stands on the threshold of the White House—not a reassuring spirit to be shown by a President-elect, chosen by a not unusual electoral majority.

We hope that the closing phrase, "higher than the general tone of Mr. McKinley's proclamation may express his calm belief. "Party dissensions," he says, "should no longer divide or rack the public mind, nor the zeal or temper of either side deter any citizen from patriotic devotion to the good of all." There is more sense and sounder patriotism in that than in post-election rant about repudiation and peril to law and order.

THE MODEST DESERTERS.

The great work of reorganizing the Democratic party and providing for its future is being gratuitously undertaken with energy and enthusiasm by gentlemen whose conspicuous and only claim to fitness for the weighty task is the success of their treason to the party for which they now modestly assume to speak. Solicitude for the future of Democracy by gentlemen who are still a-tremble with joyous excitement over a Republican victory is a new phenomenon in American politics, and one for which everybody with a sense of humor feels grateful.

The Republican Democrats, though they may not accomplish much in the way of blazing a path for the footsteps of the party into which they have driven their knives, are certain to prepare for themselves a surprise that will prove stunning. In their desertion of the regular nominees of the regular National Convention they were accompanied by a great many newspapers. These latter are capable of lifting a loud and imposing voice, and it will not be long ere they have apparently convinced themselves that there are very few Democrats left in the country except those who have received the warm and well-earned thanks of Major McKinley. They will also try to convince themselves, and seek to convince their readers, that deserters alone are entitled to command the army. All who have stood faithfully by the colors and so nearly carried the day will be described as "disturbers," "free-silver lunatics," "free rioters" and "anarchists." The dream of leadership will last till about the Spring of 1900, perhaps, when the shocking discovery will be made by the deserters that the millions of citizens who compose the Democratic party have memories, common sense and the capacity to think for themselves. When the next National Convention meets it will be a convention of Democrats, and as such will declare the policy of the party without reference to the orders or wishes of the persons who brought about this year's defeat.

The Democratic party requires no reorganizing. It is a very large, ardent and resolute body of Americans possessing principles and favoring policies which insure it all the organization it may stand in need of. The anxiety of Mr. McKinley's friends to volunteer as commissioned officers of the party and lead it away from Democratic to Republican ground is kind and disinterested, of course, but their

valuable services will not be accepted. They themselves are where they belong, but there is no conceivable reason why any genuine Democrat should wish to join them.

A man can't be a Republican and a Democrat too at the same time. We commend this obvious truth to that portion of the Republican party which is pushing itself to the front and asking that the Democratic party surrender itself into their ensanguined hands.

FIRST BLOOD FOR THE TRUSTS.

It is instructive to note that Attorney-General Hancock, of this State, has declined to begin proceedings against the Wall Paper Trust under the Anti-Trust law. The Attorney-General reached this conclusion after due reflection, and his decision naturally is hailed with glee by the gentlemen engaged in trust enterprises. Says the counsel for the National Wall Paper Company: "The important part of the decision is that it is notice to the would-be wreckers of corporate enterprise that the Attorney-General does not occupy public office to give vent to their personal spite or schemes."

Doesn't the learned counsel proceed too fast? There exists a law against the form of combination in restraint of trade known as trusts. The Attorney-General exists to act for the people in enforcing the law, and if in enforcement of the law corporate enterprises are wrecked it means only that the enterprises suffering were criminal enterprises. Mr. Hancock seems to have leaped to the conclusion that the National Wall Paper Company is not a trust—an opinion which it might have been wiser to leave to the courts to reach, and which certainly does not coincide with the common belief. The glee of the trust managers, however, seems to indicate their opinion that Mr. Hancock considers any sort of effort for enforcement of the law against the trusts mere waste of time.

And perhaps in view of recent political events the Attorney-General may show wisdom though it takes the form of neglect of duty.

POVERTY'S APPALLING ARMY.

It is stated that there are now in this city one hundred thousand men out of employment—not mendicants and tramps, but men eager to work for a livelihood. It is also predicted that fifty thousand will be added to this appalling army of the idle before the holidays. The mind shrinks from admitting pictures of the human suffering which these frightful figures force upon it. Of course there will be efforts to provide work for a proportion of the unemployed, and the rich, who as a rule are generous in their response to the cry of want, will pour out money in charity.

But charity is no cure for poverty. The world's experience has demonstrated that. What is the cure? Who knows? That in a new and rich country like this there should be one willing man asking for work and not able to get it is an indictment of our industrial conditions. But what shall we say of those conditions when every city in the United States has always with it its contingent of men existing in enforced idleness on the edge of starvation? And many of these men stand for hungry women and children as well.

There is something wrong at the bottom of things when our civilization yields such pitiable results. In our politics we wrangle and grow excited over the tariff and the currency, which possess importance certainly, but they are mere wavelets on the surface. No man with a heart can think of the poverty-cursed crowd that suffers wherever a city grows without suffering in sympathy and confessing that the social machinery needs mending. It works excellently for the well-to-do, but it tortures the unlucky and the less capable, who are punished for their want of capacity as if it were a heinous crime.

While we have poverty there will always be justification for the appearance of the social reformers—the man so constituted by nature that the misery of others hurts as if it were his own. And our fashion is to stone the reformer and call him evil names, and cry out for his crucifixion. Yet it is to the social reformer that we must look for the remedy, if poverty is to be cured or even greatly alleviated. If we trust optimistically to evolution as the ultimate solvent of the problem, it is yet the social reformer on whom we must rely to give to evolution its upward direction.

Why should there be a hundred thousand men idle, or any men at all idle, in the great and rich city of New York? The United States cruiser Olympia must be a pretty good ship. A few months ago she made a record-breaking run in the Pacific, and now Japan has completed contracts with two American firms to build vessels like her. The production of a ship which has made so great an impression on the most warlike of Oriental nations is a credit to the Pacific coast.

Correspondents of Republican newspapers have already begun to make slanders for Major McKinley's Cabinet. Now if some paper could only induce Mr. Hanna to become its correspondent and publish his slate what a tremendous "scrap" that paper would have.

Terrific Result of One Street Blast.

Swiftly and without warning four Italians, with the robust physique of Guineas, popped out of a trench at Broadway and Fifty-eighth street. The hour was early morning, yet the hub of traffic buzzed in the vicinity. Each man bore a bright red flag fluttering wildly at the end of a short staff, and, as the quartet sprang heavily to the four points of the compass, shrill cries of "Blasta blasta!" heightened the terror inspired by the gory banners.

Other and less picturesque Italians dropped shovels, picks and drills and swarmed from either end of the trench to crouch tremblingly behind protecting corners and rest at the same time. But one man—an Irish hero in blue flannel and overalls—remained. He was the Foreman and Master of Blasts, and it is his business to face death in its most unkindly forms. With icy coolness the Foreman carried up a small electric battery and picked it forty feet due west. Thin black wires connected the box with the blast at the bottom of the trench, which was bridged over at that point with a huge pile of logs and boards as safeguards to life and property. Having reached the limit of the wires, the intrepid Foreman placed the battery on the ground, folded his arms and gazed nonchalantly in the direction of the slumbering earthquake. He even spat once or twice and shifted to the other leg, as if impatient to deal out death.

Meanwhile the four Italians, blocking as many thoroughfares, continued to shake red flags and shriek "Blasta, blasta!" A horse coming down Broadway was flagged so artificially at Fifty-ninth street that the passengers shot forward in a bunch with the sudden stoppage. Three old gentlemen and one fat lady got out and ran back, emitting shouts of anguish and despair en route. Whole flocks of bikers on the cross street went wild figures of eight and similar fantastic designs in an effort to turn and get away intact; and the driver of a pie wagon recoiling in delicious alarm from the warning flag impaled his vehicle on the shafts of a hansom cab. Dwellers in tenement windows by the unusual tumult turned pale, closed the shutters and crawled under the bed or plunged madly down the back stairs with such valuables as they were able to look up on short notice.

In less than two minutes the Foreman stood alone in his trench and his overalls, giving off a snail like that which adorned the features of Alexander the Great when he conquered Troy. Not a soul was in sight when the Foreman, with dramatic deliberation, stooped over and pressed the button. A puff of dust wreathed the pile of timber, followed by a muffled plunk not unlike the detonation caused by stepping on a ripe tomato. Back came the four flagmen, breathing tumultuously, while the pickers and drillers again dropped into the trench.

It took twenty minutes of snorting, laborious toil to remove the pile of logs and timber bound with heavy chains, and then one of the blasting crew jumped down and tossed out the result of the shot. Half a dozen waters of rock possessing the ponderous weight and dimensions of buckshot enlaid lay exposed as tributes to the awful prowess of Street Department dynamite. The neighborhood is still suffering from the effects of this blast.

CHARLES DRYDEN.

The Prodigious Father.

M. S., an employee of a large shop in the Rue Montorgueil, is a sober, industrious, thriving man, but he has had a great grief for some time past, viz., in the wild and irregular conduct of his father, says a Paris correspondent of the London Mail. The rule of the prodigal was in this case entirely reversed, for it was the father who was continually getting into scrapes, who was eager for a "life of pleasure," who was always in difficulties, and who came at all seasons to draw upon his son's purse, at the expense of various admonitions, scoldings and sermons, and the threat of "being put in the sack." Unfortunately, the papa was incorrigible, and after one of his late escapades his son told him that he would stand it no longer, and that he would cut him off with a shilling, or, what is worse, a franc. Thereupon M. S. senior went yesterday evening to his son's shop, and without a word of explanation committed suicide in his presence by shooting himself with a revolver.

Two Strange Languages.

Among the queerest languages used by human kind throughout the world are those of the Gnomes, inhabitants of one of the Canary group of islands, and the Cameroons, of West Africa, according to the Pittsburgh Dispatch. The Gnomes' dialect, which is said to be spoken by the Gnomes, is a language of signs, and is used to express all the signals that are required to make the conversation intelligible. A Cameroonian man uses a drum. The instrument is rather peculiar, its surface being divided into seven halves, so that when it is struck it yields two different notes. With a code in character not unlike the taps of the telegraphic system, the people make this drum express every syllable of their language. A Cameroonian chieftain can sum up any one of his subjects and at the same time intimate the purpose for which he is required by the mere use of the drum.

The Sleeping Disease.

On the western coast of Africa they have a singular and always fatal malady which is known as the sleeping disease, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. The person attacked by it is seized with a sensation of drowsiness, which continues to increase in spite of the efforts made to throw it off. Finally, the patient sinks into a profound sleep, which continues for about three weeks, or until death ensues. The most curious feature of the disease is that aside from the drowsiness the patient seems much as usual. The pulse, respiration and temperature are normal, while he may be easily roused, and will take nourishment and answer questions in a perfectly natural manner.

The Little Toe to Go.

A comparative anatomist says that the little toe has got to go; that it is a useless appendage, already showing signs of degeneration and withering away, says the Boston Journal. It is proved that the horse, in the course of several centuries, has dropped four toes and now travels on one, and some think that man's pedal extremities are bound to follow a similar line of evolution. In the horse it is the middle digit which has survived as the fittest. In man it will be the first or great toe.

A Leader Who Lives.

In this hour of defeat, the friendly thoughts of hundreds of thousands of true-hearted Democrats—men and women—will fly across the mountain and prairie to William Jennings Bryan in his home at Lincoln. A better leader no cause ever had; a better leader the Democratic party will never have. And his career does not end with his defeat. He has not only earned and won the affection of his followers, but he has done that in this campaign which will yet make him the idol of multitudes whose votes were yesterday cast against him. His career in the American struggle for liberty has but begun.

Disasters.

Any way you look at it, the termination of this great campaign is bound to result disastrously for the nation's peace and unity.

LITERARY SHOP-TALK.

Among the many blessings for which we may give devout thanks this autumn is the fact that we are well provided with literary papers and magazines and may look for an even more abundant supply during the winter months. I often wonder what our forefathers did without the vehicles for obtaining the latest literary intelligence which are at the disposal of the present generation. Certainly they could not have taken as much interest in the short-story writers, magazine illustrators, dialect novelists, and other great and wonderful American products as we do, or they would have demanded and secured for themselves periodicals devoted expressly to exploiting these gifted beings.

A few years ago we learned all that we know about literary matters from the good old critic of a Boston literary paper which appeared once in a fortnight and from a pamphlet issued by the thrifty Brintons at irregular intervals, and generally about two months behind its date. "The Bookman" destroyed the old order of things by appearing in such an attractive form that everybody wanted it, and now that that magazine has become firmly established as one of the very best periodicals of its kind in the world, the Scribners have awakened from their slumbers and injected into the pages of "The Book Buyer" new life and variety. This monthly was formerly little more than a pamphlet intended to advertise their own publications, but the November number is handsome, well illustrated and dignified. It is not as good as the "Bookman," but then it costs only half as much. It is readable, however, and up to date, and Mr. Steadman's review of Kilgus's "Seven Seas," which appears in the current number, is well worth the price asked for the whole.

But this is not all. The young and nervous House of Stone & Kimball will begin to-day the publication of a daily literary newspaper to be called the Tatler, the first number of which will contain an essay by W. D. Howells on James Whitcomb Riley's "Child Life," which is sure to be worth reading. A great many people will laugh at the idea of a literary daily, but the more they laugh the more they will talk about it, and we suspect that that is precisely what Stone & Kimball would like to have them do. In other words, the Tatler, whether it proves a financial success or not, will advertise their publications liberally, just as the Chap Book did. The latter, however, reached a circulation of 13,000 within a very short time, and would be a good newspaper property to-day if it were kept nearer the high-water mark of merit than it is.

I am really afraid that some one will now do the obvious thing and start a live literary weekly as a rival to the Critic, for that venerated organ of respectable thought as moulded in the offices of Harper's, the Century Magazine and other pagodas of cultivation is not as bright and cynical as it should be at this period of the century.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. are always ready to publish educational works of the highest order, and, therefore, I am not surprised to see that they announce a volume called "The Complete Bachelor," which is made up of the essays that have appeared in the columns of Vogue under the caption "As Seen by Her." These essays contain information of the kind calculated to convert a Tit-bit into a Van Bibber, or a Van Bibber into a genuine swell. They carry with them an atmosphere of luxury and refinement of a kind known only to those fortunate ones who have six pairs of shoes and eighteen shirts. "When I travel I tell me man to put me golf suit in my bag" is the sort of thing that we find in these invaluable Vogue papers, and then the author kindly tells us what a golf suit is, how it is made and how much it costs, and what sort of bag "the man" should put it in. In company with many other incomplete bachelors we await the appearance of this book with feverish impatience.

The Woes of the Girl With Two Admirers.

"You dear thing, I haven't seen you for an age," cried the girl in the velvet jacket, as she dropped into a seat in the car. "But what have you been doing? You look quite pale."

"Trying to keep two young men unconscious of the each other's existence," replied the girl in the short cape. "You see, I like them equally; they are both lovely to me, and the only fault either of them has is jealousy."

"Oh, please," said the girl in the velvet jacket, "the man who is not jealous is so much in love with himself that he has no affection left for anybody else."

"Yes, but," persisted she, "Ted Brown-smith, that is one of them, likes to see me wear blue, while Jack—you know Jack Inuit, don't you?—always wants me to wear plunk. I try to please them both, but it requires a varied wardrobe, and that does not please Pa. Then Ted admires the new woman, and likes to talk politics, while Jack wants to see me do fancy work, and would be shocked if he thought I knew a ballot from a—corkscrew. They both bring me books to read. Ted's are on political economy and Jack's are chiefly poetry. The worst of it is that I haven't time to read the half of them, and I don't know what I'd do but for Norah!"

"I know, a girl whose dearest friend could not call her anything but scrappy has no choice, she must be intellectual."

"Yes, well, she reads them all and tells me what is in them. She says it saves her the cost of a subscription to some library."

"So it does. And no man would care to lend her books because she can understand them without any explanation. But don't you have a good deal of trouble?"

"Trouble? Why, I often wish that I was the two-headed girl, or even twins. You see, I don't dare to quarrel with Norah nowadays lest she revenge herself by telling me the wrong thing to say about some of the books; that in itself is trying, but it is nothing compared to my other woes. The other day I was expecting Ted when Jack called; I was in the parlor and just had time to slip behind that tall screen. There was a mouse gnawing at the chair-board just behind me, and yet, there he had to stand motionless while Norah hunted all over the house for me. It took her fifteen minutes and I was momentarily expecting to hear Ted's ring—oh, you need not laugh, I don't see anything funny in it."

"Of course not; I was only—" "Yes, but the worst time was last Tuesday evening. Tuesday is one of Ted's regular evenings to call, but Jack had somehow gotten suspicious and wrote me that he would fetch me up a book he had promised that that evening. I didn't know what

to do, but Ted came up in the afternoon to see that his sister was in town and he would be obliged to take her to the theatre."

"Well, you were in luck!" "I should have been, but I—I overdid my disappointment, and at the last moment he got a friend to act as his sister's escort, and came up to surprise me."

"With the result?" "That I had to go to bed with a sore throat and deny myself to both of them. Ah, I assure you, I have managed very cleverly, and they are and will remain in utter ignorance of each other's existence. I wonder what those girls who just got out were laughing at; surely they—why, here comes Nell."

"Why, how are you both?" cried the girl in the huge hat. "I met Ted Brown-smith's sister just getting off, and Jack Inuit's cousin was with her. I suppose they came down town with you—why, Flora, what on earth is the matter, you look so queer?"

The Jesters' Chorus.

"Slapdash did a clever thing this campaign," "That was it."

"Didn't make any bets except with his wife."

—Chicago Record.

They were discussing the young Anglomaniac who had just sailed for the other side.

"Do you think he will be a social success in London?" asked the one who never had been there.

"I don't know," returned the other doubtfully. "How much of a loan do you suppose he can make the Prince of Wales?"

—Chicago Post.

"What kind of a man is Higby?"

"Well, he's the kind that would pay an election bet with a bargain-counter hat."

—Chicago Record.

"This," said the professor of anatomy, as he exhibited a human jawbone, "is the interior maxillary."

"I beg your pardon, professor," said one of the married students, "but didn't I understand the word maxillary you have before us belonged to a female?"

"I did."

"In that case, then, there is no inferior maxillary."

—Washington Times.

"I've quit selling bicycles on the installment plan," said the dealer to an applicant.

"Why's that?"

"Our machine is of such a superior quality that we are never able to catch the fellows that owe us."

—Detroit Free Press.

"We would give almost anything to have our little dog brought back," said the elder of the two sisters.

"I think I should," replied the detective, who had been called in. "And in offering a reward for the return of the animal you will do well to add: 'No questions asked.'"

"What for?" demanded the younger sister, flushing with indignation. "Because it's leap year!"

—Chicago Tribune.

Her papa: "Well, now that it is all over we must settle right down to business and make things hum."

Her mother: "And your daughter, sir."

Her papa: "What about my daughter?"

Her mother: "Why, sir, your daughter and I want to settle down, too, sir, and make a little hum of our own."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Dry your eyes," he whispered.

But she let her eyes as they were and wrung her hands.—Detroit Tribune.

"Think," they gently urged him, "of being engaged in heaven. Think of dwelling amid the beautiful stars."

The dying man put forth a tremendous effort and got well. He dared not do otherwise. He had been an angel for several beautiful stars already.—Detroit Tribune.

The villain was faked at last.

It was worse by far than the dramatist intended or the audience suspected.

Just at the moment when his power seemed unassailable, when he was in a position to tower the heroines with unkind remarks about her face, his stomach and his crop became unsteady. His discomfiture was complete.

An envious rival had sewed up the pockets of his trousers, so that he could not put his thumbs into them when he swaggered.—Washington Star.

"Did you hear how Bubby got into that breach of promise suit for \$10,000?"

"No; how did it happen? I understand he claims he never proposed."

"Yes, but she had sanctitized plates in the dark room, where they sat, and on two of them she found mild impressions of proposals. She bases her claim on these."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"My husband seems terribly overworked," she moaned. "I wonder if anybody else is working him."

—Detroit Tribune.

No Orphan Asylums.

Australia has no orphan asylums, says Tit-Bits. Every child who is not supported by parents becomes a ward of the State, and is placed in a pension for support, and placed in a private family, where board and clothes are provided until the fourteenth birthday. After that he may be able to go to work, in which case the pension is placed to his credit until the age of eighteen, when he becomes a citizen, with a balance due to him from the State to begin life with. This inculcates a humane, charitable, and responsible spirit in all residents, decreases the chance of pauperism and places every young man on a fair and square footing with the world.

Sweetheart Abbey.

Few people know the origin of the name Dolce Cor, or Sweetheart Abbey, in Scotland. It is a rather curious story of a woman's love and affection, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. When John Balliol, Lord of the Butcher's Castle, died his widow caused his heart to be embalmed and enclosed in an ivory casket richly encrusted with silver. Forever after when Lady Devorgilla ate her meals the casket was on the table beside her, and when she was buried, according to her own direction, near the altar in New Abbey—which she herself had founded in Galloway—the casket containing her husband's heart was placed on her tomb. From this